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Shimoneta to Iu Gainen ga Sonzai Shinai Taikutsu na Sekai - Volume 01 Chapter 00-01

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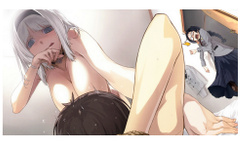
- 
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Opening: For Whom are Public Morals Upheld?

Opening: For Whom are Public Morals Upheld?[edit]

What am I supposed to do about this?

I had long dreamed of attending Tokioka Academy and here I was taking the high school entrance exam. Failure was not an option here and I had hit a roadblock. My intense studying had paid off and I felt I had done a pretty good job on the five main subjects, but my pencil ground to a halt once I reached the general education section, which was worth the most points.

Most of the general education section was made up of essay questions with only a few fill-in-the-blank questions at the very top. Speaking of the fill-in-the-blank questions…

1. The following chronology is related to the policies that rapidly improved modern Japan's public morals. Fill in the proper year in each blank.

A. _____ The government provided every single citizen with a miniature data terminal known as a Peacemaker (PM).

B. _____ With the enactment of the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law, all unwholesome expressions and activities were banned. Also, a monitoring system was included in the PMs.

C. _____ A provision was added to the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law to require all citizens to wear their PM.

That was a basic problem taught in any elementary school these days. The PMs had been introduced twenty-five years ago, the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law sixteen years ago, and the requirement to wear the PM ten years ago. Each answer easily came to mind. It was such an easy problem I doubted I could push my score above anyone else's here. The next problem asked me to explain the pros and cons of the policies described in A., B., and C.. That too was more or less common knowledge.

A. was a little tricky since it involved some economic issues, but I would be fine

as long as I said it had a rapid spread to ubiquity. B. required talking about the people arrested by the ban of sexual expression and the increase in terrorists who intended to disturb public morals. For C., I gave the template answer about the rapid decline in those obscene criminals.

I answered all of that almost nonstop.

It was the next question that made me squeeze my pencil and freeze up. To calm myself, I toyed with the PM wrapped around my neck and wrist.

2. Explain each of the following: nocturnal emission, menstruation, how to make a baby.

Really, what am I supposed to do? Do I give the answer in the textbooks or do I give the truth?

Moving only my eyes, I checked how everyone else was acting and saw them all writing away without any problem. I was the only one who had stopped. They were probably all giving the textbook answer.

An example of that would be “A nocturnal emission is a biological process that begins once one enters puberty. Due to problems in the production of urine, the waste builds up until it is involuntarily ejected.” But this question was entirely unexpected for the entrance exam of the school with the highest public morals record, so I grew extremely nervous, started wondering if there was a trick to it, and wondered if I should actually be writing the truth while being very careful about the terminology I used. After all, I knew the answers not given in the textbooks.

“Oh, to hell with it.”

The pressure of the ticking clock and the scratching pencils around me caused me to start writing away.

Over a decade or so has passed since Japan banned all sexual expression in both public and private life.

The establishment of persistent legislation and a monitoring system has transformed Japan into a pure nation with the world’s most wholesome public

morals. The concept of dirty jokes does not even exist. With all filthy things eliminated, the children grow up healthy and happy as they carry a bright future on their shoulders.

Or that’s the story anyway.

Chapter 1: The Concept of Dirty Jokes Doesn’t Exist

Chapter 1: The Concept of Dirty Jokes Doesn’t Exist[edit]

“Ugh.”

I, Okuma Tanukichi, groaned as I was jostled around by middle-aged office workers in a packed train.

Oh, no. I need to look presentable.

I straightened my back, but the hair and clothes I had spent so long getting just right this morning were still a mess and a gloomy mood escaped my lips.

I was finally on my way to Tokioka Academy’s high school entrance ceremony.

Looking like this, there was no way I could look Anna-senpai in the eye when I saw her again after so long.

I had worked so hard to wipe clean my infamous past and make myself a wholesome person both inside and out, but this could easily ruin it all with the first impression I gave.

“Hm?”

As I consciously swallowed yet another sigh before it escaped, I felt someone’s eyes on me.

I turned in that direction.

“…”

A large man a head taller than everyone else was glaring at me. He must have noticed me looking because he quickly looked away, but as soon as I faced forward again, his sweaty face turned back my way.

What is with him? That’s just creepy.

A closer look showed the man was wearing the same Tokioka Academy uniform I was.

Someone with that huge and gorilla-like a face is a student? I wondered, while

also thinking this was unusual.

The area I lived in was composed mostly of single-person apartments for office workers living away from their family and the residential district and student dorms were located in the opposite direction. I hadn't expected to run across any other students on the train to school, so I began to wonder if this was some grown man in a costume.

But my mocking thoughts were cut off by the train's announcement.

"Next stop, Shimada Station…Shimada Station."

To get to Tokioka Academy, I had to get off at the station after Shimada, so I began preparing myself to leave.

"Hey, you!"

A thick female voice filled the train.

"You've been touching my rear end this entire time! I'll hand you over to the Guidance Department! Step off with at Shimada Station!"

"Eh? Eh?"

The individual whose arm was lifted high and who seemed utterly baffled by this turn of events was the large man who had been leering at me.

The passengers around me started accusing him.

"Wow, guys like that are the worst."

"It's all over for him."

"Hey, isn't that moles-…whoops, that was close. Isn't that guy a Tokioka student? Would someone from there really do that?"

"Are you stupid? You really hadn't heard? Those students have started doing weird things a lot lately. This is probably part of that. Look, I don't think he knows what he did was wrong. They really don't get that it's a crime to touch a woman's body."

"But everyone knows that. It's not like they have to teach it to you."

The train had entirely decided that guy was a molester.

“Ahh, ahh. Honestly.”

But I knew the truth.

That guy hadn’t been looking at that woman because he’d spent the whole time eyeing me. And I don’t mean that in a weird way.

At any rate, I could say pretty confidently the woman had completely made up the entire molestation thing.

There was only one thing to do at a time like this.

I pressed a hand to my forehead and gave a heavy sigh. It was by far the heaviest yet.

At any rate, I made up my mind by telling myself Anna-senpai would surely feel the need to help someone in need.

Since he had no idea what molestation meant, that large boy apparently really was a Tokioka student, so I could get him to buy me a drink or something when I saw him safe and sound later on.

I removed the brand new school uniform with a lily emblem on it and stuffed it in my bag. (It was already all wrinkled anyway.) After removing my dress shirt, I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket and wrapped it around my face like a bandanna to complete my disguise.

I forcibly twisted around to operate my PM bracelet. A small computer screen was projected onto the back of the middle-aged man in front of me and I accessed the internet to search for a map of Shimada Station. After finding an escape route, I was done.

I slipped through the crowd and moved up next to the large boy and the suit-wearing woman.

I swept aside the large boy’s hand and had the woman grab my hand instead.

“Huh? What do you think you’re doing? Hey!”

“I’m sorry!” I shouted to drown out the woman’s voice. “I was the one touching you! I’m sorry! I didn’t know groping your rear end was wrong! Looking at it directly would be the right thing to do, wouldn’t it!? I’ve seen the error of my ways, so please forgive me!”

“You have not seen the error of your ways! And let go! I have business with that student.”

If I feigned ignorance that much, it was sure to make my confession more believable.

As soon as everyone’s eyes focused on me, the train came to a stop and the doors opened.

I used the flow of people to help drag the woman onto the platform.

The large boy stared at me in blank surprise until the door closed and the train began to move.

He seemed to come back to his senses and yelled something at me, but I simply waved goodbye, muttered “now then”, and turned to face the woman.

Her face was still twisted to the point I thought she was going to bite at me.

“You don’t get kids from that rich school on this line often, you know? You have guts to get in my way. …Attendant, this man is a criminal! He was touching my rear end!”

So she really was bluffing. Honestly.

As expected, she tried to get revenge by shrieking that I had molested her. The station attendant that heard her called someone using his PM necklace.

A member of the Guidance Department, specialists in cracking down on all sexual crimes, would likely be sent in from the closest police station.

Avoiding a false molestation accusation was incredibly difficult and I had already given my insane “confession”. If I was arrested here, this story would have an early ending.

“Ah, wait!”

I glanced back at the several station attendants pursuing me as I raced full speed along the station platform.

I already knew my escape route and my legs were in top form after the training I’d gone through back home.

I ran down the stairs as if to say “catch me if you can”. To pass through the

ticket gate smoothly, I adjusted the position of the bracelet containing my electronic money and passenger data.

Shimada Station's platform was on the second story, so escaping would be difficult if I couldn't break through here.

But I didn't see the attendants catching up, so it looked like I would be fine.

But then…

"Geh!?"

I rapidly threw on the brakes.

After climbing over the ticket gate, some men in pure white uniforms ran up the stairs.

Guidance Officers!? Why!? That was way too fast!

This was bad. I had underestimated the strict control of this pure city that had censored sexuality in every way possible.

By cutting through the wave of people to quickly return to the platform, I somehow managed to avoid being caught between the attendants and the Guidance Officers.

But what was I supposed to do now?

I had already checked and there was only the one stairway down from the second story platform. There were no footholds on the tall fence, so it would be difficult to climb.

I was chased across the platform by the attendants, but I reached a dead end before long.

…Huh? Am I screwed?

Wait, wait, wait, wait! What do I do!?

Simply muttering "penis" could get you arrested these days, so being charged with molestation would kill my social standing overnight.

If that was my fate, I considered ending my life by groping a nearby beautiful woman's tailbone, but then…

“Gah!?”

Someone grabbed my shoulders and pulled me to the ground.

I was confused since the attendants and Guidance Officers shouldn’t have been that close yet and I saw someone leaning over me and peering down at my face.

Based on the pleasant sensation of black hair falling down on my face, this seemed to be a girl.

The backlight kept me from seeing her face or clothing.

“Honestly, what do you think you’re doing?”

She sounded exasperated and she pointed in the opposite direction of my escape plan.

“There’s a rope hanging down from the other end of the platform. I’ll draw their attention, so you slip past them and escape.”

“What? Who are you?”

“Hurry!”

She easily lifted me to my feet and charged toward the Guidance Officers without a word more.

Only then did I get a good view of her, even if only from behind.

She had a towel wrapped around her like a Teru-Teru Bouzu and she had some kind of white cloth hiding her head.

I completely forgot to run and instead watched that bizarrely-dressed person.

“W-waaaah!?”

“Eh?”

As I stood in confusion, I heard the Guidance Officers screaming in obvious disturbance.

“Attention users of this station! Please escape immediately! Blue Snowfield has appeared!”

Blue Snowfield? What the hell is going on here?

Still, this did give me an opening. I began to run on reflex and slipped past the girl with a towel wrapped around her.

That was when it happened.

“Peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeenis!”

I fell flat on my face.

“What!?”

This girl in a towel just used a banned word! She didn’t even use a euphemism or anything! She straight up said it! Goddamn, I’m jealo-…no, no, no, no! Calm down.

Wondering who this girl was, I looked up only to shout in surprise when faced with another shocking fact. The cloth hiding the towel girl’s face was a pair of pure white panties. The two holes usually used to pass one’s thighs through contained eyes filled with an insane amount of energy and smoldering with a bright light.

There has to be a better way to hide your face! (I’ll trade you for my handkerchief!) I wasn’t the only confused one. The Guidance Officers were hectically shouting into their PM necklaces.

“Everyone! Hurry downstairs! Stop and you will be caught in this terrorist attack! Hurry down!”

“HQ, please respond! Blue Snowfield has appeared on the Shimada Station platform! Please send reinforcements ASAP!”

“Penis penis in pussy! Penis penis in pussy! Ahhh hah hah hah hah! How refreshing it is to shout dirty words in public!”

“Silence her immediately! Dammit! Today we’ll finally capture her!”

“Why does her PM never detect the banned words!?”

The platform was instantly thrown into so much chaos you would’ve thought a tornado had hit.

Everyone had completely forgotten about me as the mysterious panties girl made her intense presence known and reigned supreme.

Guidance Officers completely surrounded her and slowly closed in on her.

A ton of bystanders waited outside that circle, their eyes glittering with anticipation, so it looked physically impossible for the girl to escape.

But…

“Stay back!”

The panties girl warned the Guidance Officers with a loud, energetic voice that carried through all the noise.

“Do you know why I’m wearing the towel?”

She asked an odd question.

She had saved me, but I could only think she was completely insane.

“Because I am not wearing a single thing underneath!” she proudly announced. “The instant you roughly try to restrain me, I’ll be stripped bare!”

“Gh…”

The station attendants groaned and shrank back.

“I’m glad to see you understand. Just to be clear, my announcement of nudity has bene recorded by my PM! Anyone who restrains me will have their life ruined by the crime of stripping a girl in public!”

Had anyone ever before tried to escape such a hopeless situation with such a vulgar threat?

Whether they had or not, it was super effective.

The panties girl’s bold attitude had given her complete control of the situation. The Guidance Officers were eager to capture this person disturbing public morals, but they all fell silent.

“Now, I think I’ll be leaving.”

She began rummaging around below her towel.

“Give us liberation from sexual oppression! Give the people a right to dirty jokes! Well, I’d breast be going now. Bye!”

With that final shout, she raised her hands toward the sky and scattered

something through the air.

It looked like confetti.

Hundreds of colorful cards the size of playing cards fluttered through the air and rained down on the Guidance Officers and bystanders.

“Ohhhhhh!?”

An earth-shaking cheer rose from the bystanders.

The people crawled around picking up the cards, so the crowd moved about erratically. The Guidance Officers shouted angrily, trying to put a stop to it, but that only made the chaos worse.

The panties girl slipped through the gaps in the panicked crowd and ran off with a satisfied grin large enough to see through the panties. She was trying to escape on the same route she had suggested to me.

“Ah…”

One of the cards she had scattered rode the wind over to my feet.

Curious what was printed on it, I picked it up.

“Gwah!?”

I screamed and threw the card away.

The card depicted a girl bashfully exposing her beautiful body and ample breasts with a look of ecstasy on her face. The back of a naked man could be seen approaching her. My butt clenched tightly when I saw it.

My left hand twitched and reached for the card like a snake freed from the chains of rational thought.

“Kh!”

But I somehow managed to restrain myself.

Possession of sexual depictions was not a crime, but if I picked this up here, I would become an unwholesome and impure human being who could never look Anna-senpai in the eye. Sweat poured from my body as I told myself I could not pick up that card and that any desire for that erotic illustration simply did not exist.

But that aside, what was going on?

Just like the use of banned words, the creation of sexual illustrations was monitored by the PMs. Unlike using the words, it was difficult for a computer to automatically detect the creation of illustrations, so the crime was not established the instant they were drawn. Still, the weight of the crime when you were arrested was no joking matter. Usage of banned words only resulted in a fine or forced labor, but creating illustrations almost guaranteed imprisonment. These erotic illustrations were strictly banned, so scattering them around in public was like asking to be arrested.

That panties girl had also shouted banned words at the top of her lungs, so it was possible she had a way of not being caught by the automatic functions of her PM. Otherwise, she could never act so recklessly.

But at the same time, that seemed impossible.

If there was some convenient way of avoiding it, my dad wouldn't have been caught so easily.

"Are you still here?"

The panties girl gave another exasperated comment from behind her panties. This closer look made it clear she was my age and her eyes turned to my twitching left arm.

"Oh? There's no need to resist. These are copies of my treasured porn magazine collection, so you can take as many as you want."

"Por-…unwholesome magazines!?"

She had just said yet another unbelievable thing.

"Why are you so surprised? Making drawings is risky and everyone capable of making such high-quality erotic drawings has already had their PMs marked by the Guidance Department, so I can't openly work with them. Making hard-to-track copies of porn is standard fare for a perorist."

What in the hell is a perorist!?

The panties girl grabbed my twitching left hand and began running with tremendous speed. Dumbfounded, I could only follow as she pulled on my arm.

Making copies of porn is standard fare? You've got to be kidding me.

Barely any porn still existed in modern Japan.

The government's PM diffusion policy that began twenty-five years ago had created a high-level ubiquitous computing society where every single citizen wore high-powered data terminals at all times and the safety and convenience of online shopping improved dramatically. As a result, all varieties of porn had been converted to electronic data and were distributed online. The market for physical porn had quickly vanished since the risk of your family finding them was high and you couldn't store that many. Before long, no more were being produced. And the few porn magazines officially preserved by the publishers had almost all been disposed of to enforce the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law sixteen years ago.

With the requirement to wear your PM at all times ten years ago, it became impossible to anonymously distribute pornographic material online and the porn data saved to personal PMs had all been formatted and erased.

At the end of it all, the very few remaining porn magazines were known as "ancient treasures" and sold at exorbitant prices on the black market.

And yet this girl was calling copies of those treasures "standard fare".

Could you be any more ridiculous? (I want the originals. I want them so bad.)

"Hurry up!"

The next thing I knew, the girl stood proudly at the top of the tall fence with her towel fluttering in the wind. Her heroic appearance would have looked pretty cool if not for the panties over her face.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was on the run too, so I hurriedly grabbed the rope and began climbing the fence.

As I looked down on a portion of the beautifully laid-out city with a pure designation, I heard several shrill sirens in the distance. The vehicles carrying more Guidance Officers were about to arrive.

"I'll hold off the reinforcements, so you hurry on to school! Don't be late to the entrance ceremony."

“Eh? Wait! How did you know!?”

Without answering me, the panties girl slid down the rope hanging down the outside of the fence and reached the ground. She ran into the morning rush hour traffic with the speed of a bullet and her conspicuous form blended into the crowd after only a few seconds. Just how athletic was she?

“Hey, you! Get down from there!”

“Oh, crap.”

I dropped down fast enough to get rope burn on my palms and whipped my stinging legs forward to begin running as quick as I could.

Um, I’ll get there eventually if I follow the train tracks, right!?

I completely forgot to activate my PM’s navigation system as I ran with all my might.

The panties girl must have stopped them because the Guidance Officers didn’t pursue me. Of course, it wasn’t surprising someone as strange as that would draw their attention.

I arrived out of breath at Tokioka Academy with 5MtS (5 minutes to spare) before the entrance ceremony, so the PE teacher in charge of public morals scolded me as I slipped in at the last second.

Most of the students had attended the academy for middle school as well, so not many had tested in for high school like I had. I really felt like an outsider.

I stepped into the orderly atmosphere after everyone else had arrived, so the eyes stabbing into me included a strange, sticky emotion.

What is this stirring in my loins?

This school was said to have the nation’s top public morals record, so they may have had relatively strict management of normal behavior in addition to sexual matters. What kind of school psychically stimulated your crotch if you were late?

“Hey, is that him?”

“You mean the one coming from the school with the absolute worst public

morals record?”

As I fixed my clothes and ignored the curious looks I had expected, the ceremony began.

As the board chairman politely and formally gave us some welcome instructions, I had to resist the effects of the sleeping spell Rarihoma his words cast on me. After that, it was finally time for the student council president’s speech.

I had caught my breath and straightened out my clothes, so I straightened my posture and looked up to the stage.

I had also listened to the board chairman’s worthless speech. Or at least pretended to.

“As the high school student representative, Student Council President Anna Nishikinomiya will now greet the student body.”

“Yes, sir.”

A calm and beautiful voice filled the gym in response to the call.

With each perfectly regulated footstep, silver hair seemingly spun from jewels swayed and gave a glimpse of a face with doll-like perfection. I could sense the large gym’s atmosphere growing crystal clear.

That was just how refined this beauty and elegance was.

Anna-senpai’s appearance on the stage took everyone’s breath away, stole their hearts, and brought silence.

“Everyone, congratulations on entering our academy. I am Anna Nishikinomiya.”

Her beautiful voice was amplified by her PM’s necklace as her greeting began.

It was a perfectly harmless speech, but I could instinctually tell her calm demeanor and magical charm had complete control of this space.

“She really is amazing.”

A very, very quiet voice naturally escaped my lips.

I had devoted myself from the moment I had fallen in love at first sight and I

had worked to make myself refined, wholesome, and excellent on the inside and outside, but it still wasn't nearly enough. I hadn't reached her level at all.

When I had gotten into Tokioka Academy, the best of the best in public morals, after attending the middle school that ranked rock bottom in that category, I had been so overjoyed that I had sobbed that it was a miracle, run full speed through the streets late at night, and ultimately been taken into custody by the police. I had been so busy dreaming of entering the student council and working alongside Anna-senpai, that I had been grinning like an idiot until just before my mom came to get me.

Still, reality was cruel. I didn't see any chance of Anna-senpai and I getting along together.

I was overwhelmed by her flowing speech, but it also set my fighting spirit ablaze.

The higher the ideal, the more it was worth attaining.

Once her speech ended, a veritable explosion of applause filled the gym.

I didn't hold back and clapped until my hands hurt. I was filled with a desire to become the kind of guy who could stand next to her and receive this kind of praise.

"Hm?"

That was when I noticed there was something in my pocket.

I peeked inside and saw one of the erotic illustrations that the panties girl had been scattering on the station platform.

Eh? What am I supposed to do with this nuke?

"…"

There was nothing I could do as the entrance ceremony ended and I sat in my designated seat in my allotted classroom.

I wanted to dispose of the obscene drawing as soon as possible, but it wasn't something I could dispose of carelessly. My old middle school would have been

one thing, but this was the great Tokioka Academy.

Sixteen years had passed since the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law had banned all sexual expression. The textbooks categorized periods and wet dreams along with your voice dropping and growing pains, so all sexual knowledge was omitted in this day and age.

If someone saw me throwing out the illustration, I could easily be accused of terrorism. And since I came from the school with the worst public morals record, the head of the PTA had personally spoken with me, insisting they would never forgive me if I spread sexual knowledge here.

I didn't have the guts to casually walk around with that nuke hidden on my person, so I could only sit still and wait for time to pass.

During the downtime before our homeroom teacher arrived, my new classmates were chatting with each other to deepen their friendship.

It seemed everyone but me in Year 1 Class 1 had attended Tokioka for middle school too, so they all split into their various predetermined groups to enjoy each other's company.

I soon noticed an odd atmosphere mixed into that lively chatting.

I felt the return of the mysterious stare attack from the entrance ceremony that brought a funny feeling to my crotch. That was now the default and the whispered conversations I could hear were strange indeed.

"Hey, go talk to him already."

"Eh? But we still don't know. He might be a spy."

"Isn't it too late to be worrying about that? It doesn't matter as long as the 'substitute words' aren't found out."

"Oh, that's right! If we hesitate here, we'll never know anything. It seems Blue is having difficulty doing anything lately, so we need to start doing something too."

They probably thought I couldn't hear them, but they were too naïve. Boys could naturally pick up a girl's hushed voice even if they weren't saying anything lewd.

But since they were talking amongst themselves, I had a hard time figuring out what they meant. What did they mean by a spy or by Blue?

It wasn't an unpleasant feeling and they actually seemed to be welcoming me, but I just couldn't relax. A lowly guy like me ending up in a school with the nation's best public morals record was such an extreme turn of events that I had prepared myself for some persecution, so this caught me off guard and filled me with a fear of the unknown.

One girl quietly pushed back her seat and stood up.

The unique commotion of a new school year quieted down like someone had thrown cold water on it.

This girl had seaweed-like wavy hair and she walked unsteadily toward me.

She stopped right in front of my desk and stared down at me with an expressionless look void of all emotion.

She had nice facial features, but the horrible bags below her eyes seemed to ruin it somewhat. The mechanical design of her silver PM suited her lifelessness.

"Um, do you need something?"

I squeezed my hand around the erotic drawing in my pocket.

I knew there was no way she would know it was there, but nervous sweat still soaked my armpits, my palms, and my crotch.

"Sorry for not saying so sooner, but I am Fuwa Hyouka. It is nice to meet you."

"Sure. I'm Okuma Tanukichi. Nice to meet you too."

The girl named Fuwa Hyouka sounded entirely indifferent as she introduced herself.

Her eyes stared at me without wavering in the slightest. They seemed incredibly inhuman and – as much as I hated to say it – uncomfortable.

"This may be sudden, but there is something I would like to ask you, Tanukichi-san. May I?"

"Sure. That's fine by me."

What could she possibly have wanted to ask someone she had only just met?

She mechanically thanked me and then got to her question.

“Could you tell me how babies are made?”

Her voice remained entirely flat.

“What?”

I assumed I was tired from the incident that morning. I had to be hearing things.

I focused more closely and smiled.

“Could you say that again?”

“Could you tell me how babies are made?”

“Once more.”

“Could you tell me how babies are made? …Am I not getting through to you? It would seem hoping for a decent oral explanation from you would be inefficient. So could you use a more hands-on method to teach me in precise detail how babies are made?”

Someone call a translator. Or a codebreaker.

I used my PM to display a computer screen in empty air and activated the navigation system. Was I really in Tokioka Academy?

“Is something the matter, Okuma-san?”

I was overcome by intense heart palpitations, but I worked to calm myself and slowly opened my mouth.

If I panicked and rushed my answer, who could say what would come out of my mouth.

“Don’t the textbooks say how babies are made? Y’know, ‘when a man and a women love each other very much, a baby is naturally born’.”

“You are full of lies and so is this society.”

Fuwa-san completely cut me off.

“All living creatures will die eventually. There are many causes of death, but we can accurately control and observe why and how that death occurs. Humans are

no exception and countless people die every single day. Nevertheless, the population keeps increasing. There are enough births to exceed the inevitability of death, so I can't imagine it can be described with something as vague and difficult-to-define as 'love'. There must be a mechanism as clearly defined as death to place a baby inside us women. I want to uncover that secret."

There's no secret to it. Just start going at it and before long… Wait, are you serious?

Are Tokioka students really this ignorant about sex?

"Just the year before last, I had no clues whatsoever toward discovering the cause of pregnancy and I was forced to spend my days visiting the ob/gyn office by the train station and asking the pregnant women what I had to do to get pregnant, but they only ever gave me the same answer you just did. I was finally forbidden from returning and was on the verge of being expelled from school for a time, but that process gave me a thought. Pregnancy must hide some great secret that the government wants to hide enough to invest untold sums of money into the PMs and other programs."

Someone help me. This girl is crazy.

"But last year, a glimmer of hope reached my research. Blue's terrorist acts confirmed my suspicions that the concept of 'obscene' regulated by the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law is closely linked to pregnancy. The embarrassed looks I received from the pregnant women I asked for information were exactly the same as the ones on the teachers when they saw the terrorist acts. And most importantly, the intuition of my gray brain cells and of my lower abdomen was shouting to me that there is a link between obscenity and pregnancy. Science is so often progressed by intuition."

What is with her!? I have no idea how I'm supposed to handle this!

When the head of the PTA had insisted that I don't bring any sexual knowledge with me, I had laughed it off and said I was never planning to do that, but I had been too naïve. I had never imagined that a Tokioka student would come to me for the information.

I remained silent, so Fuwa-san continued her monotone speech.

“I pursued Blue’s actions. I thought I could solve the mystery of pregnancy if I followed her, but the influence of the Guidance Department was too powerful and Blue has been appearing less frequently. I am having difficulty gathering information. And even when I do gather some, I have no way of confirming its veracity. But then you transferred in from the middle school with the absolute worst public morals record.”

She startled me by moving her face in far too close.

“According to the earlier explanation concerning your parents, you have never triggered your PM. Still, you must have gained some knowledge in such an obscene environment. You know how women get pregnant, don’t you? Now, please tell me how to get pregnant. They say curiosity killed the cat, but as an unimportant scientist, I would like nothing better than to be killed by curiosity if such a thing is possible.”

Her expressionless face moved closer and closer.

“Wh-why are you so obsessed with this?”

As I trembled in fear, she tilted her head which was close enough that our noses were about to touch.

“Why wouldn’t I be? We can have a human being grow inside us. How could anyone be indifferent about such an important phenomenon? Also, pregnancy must hide a secret great enough that the government is willing to invest untold sums of money in the PMs and other programs. What could be more exciting than revealing something like that?”

I looked around the room, hoping to find someone who would stop this crazy girl.

“…”

But even though everyone was staring at me with glittering looks of anticipation, none of them did anything to help.

Instead, they seemed to be waiting for me to talk about pregnancy.

What is going on here!? Isn’t this school supposed to be the pinnacle of public morals!?

Why am I being forced to tell my class what causes pregnancy!?

And won't I be expelled if I tell them!? …Ah! Don't tell me I'm being bullied!

I exercised my right to remain silent and endured the wordless pressure of Fuwa-san's staring eyes.

Then the classroom door flew open. Despite the noisy entrance, the intruder herself cut boldly across the classroom without even giving an introduction. She seemed to be heading toward…me?

Unlike when Fuwa-san had stood up, a tense silence enveloped the classroom.

The girl gave off a heavy pressure, pushed Fuwa-san out of the way to stand in front of me, and spoke.

"I assume you're Okuma Tanukichi-kun."

The girl's braids and glasses gave her an unfashionable look and her displeased aura forced me to shrink down and reply only with "yes".

"Nice to meet you. I am Kajou Ayame. I am a second year in Tokioka Academy's high school and I serve as the student council vice president."

"Student council…vice president!?"

That's the position I want to serve Anna-senpai directly!

Why had she come to me out of the blue like this?

"Kajou-senpai, the exit is over there."

Fuwa-san casually pointed to the window. By the way, the classroom was on the third floor.

"How very kind of you. As thanks, I will ask the board of directors to designate your name as a banned word."

Kajou-senpai made it very clear that she had no business with Fuwa-san and turned her dull eyes back toward me.

"Okuma Tanukichi-kun, the student council has recommended you for a trial position as director of general affairs on the student council. I will come to take you there afterschool, so be ready."

“Eh?”

That was all she said in her irritated tone of voice and she left the classroom with a sullen look.

“So they beat me to the punch.”

Fuwa-san’s comment seemed to speak for the strange sense of resignation filling the classroom.

Our homeroom teacher entered as Kajou-senpai left. I had yet to grasp just what had happened as a perfectly normal homeroom class began.

After an orientation going over the schedule for the coming week and a time for introductions, school was out for the day.

It was still too early for lunch, so my classmates excitedly prepared to head home.

Once the teacher left the classroom, Fuwa-san’s emotionless face slithered up from below my desk as if she had been waiting for this moment.

“To continue from before…”

She’s persistent. I’ll give her that!

“I don’t know anything else about pregnancy.”

“No, not that. I was referring to your invitation to the student council.”

“Eh? Oh, that?”

“Please be careful. Depending on how you conduct yourself, you could quickly lose any place for yourself in the academy.”

And yet she had nearly gotten me expelled by asking me about pregnancy.

“Thanks for the warning, but this is all so sudden I have no idea what to make of it.”

My thoughts were a mess after being pressed to explain pregnancy and receiving an invitation from the student council I had longed to join. There was no way I could make sense of an abstract warning like that.

“I would like to explain for you, but look.”

Fuwa-san pointed toward the classroom’s front door just as it violently opened and Kajou-senpai walked quickly over with the same displeased look as in the morning.

“Please make it through today alive. We can speak after that. Oh, and can I ask one last thing?”

“What might that be?”

“Personally, I think the peni-…oops, that was close. To put it another way, I think mushrooms are the key to pregnancy, but are they really? A simple yes or no answer would help my research immensely.”

“Sorry, but I have to go.”

I suppose they are the key to opening a certain chamber.

I very nearly said that out loud, so I grabbed my bag and got out of there.

“Let’s get going, Okuma-kun.”

Other than that comment, Kajou-senpai remained entirely silent as I left the classroom.

“Excuse us.”

Kajou-senpai knocked and opened the student council door to reveal a room filled with light.

I of course mean that as a simple description, but…

“Welcome, Okuma Tanukichi-kun. I have been looking forward to your arrival. I am Anna Nishikinomiya of the second year. At the risk of sounding arrogant, I serve as this academy’s student council president.”

…*Ah.*

I just about passed out. It felt like my body was turning to stone.

That was just how beautiful and adorable Anna-senpai’s smile and bow were.

Seeing her again confirmed just how worthy of the phrase “peerless beauty”

she was.

She had the facial features of a fairy and barely looked Japanese. Her smooth silver hair looked like high-quality silk. She was five centimeters taller than my one hundred seventy and she struck a nice balance between her slender limbs and her ample bust that were both apparent even below her clothes (and especially apparent to my eyes). She seemed to glow with a light that removed her from reality.

And she had more than her looks.

All she had to do was stand there and her aura was enough to permeate and calm you. Her gentle smile had the power to heal the heart of anyone who saw it. The elegance surrounding her every movement kindly overwhelmed everyone in the vicinity and gently convinced them to do her bidding.

She also maintained the top grades in Tokioka which was known to have the highest scores in the nation and she had conquered many a tournament as a black belt in judo. She had also earned excellent scores in piano competitions, so her specs went far beyond the norm.

Most importantly, she ruled the student council as the governor of Tokioka's public morals, so she was the symbol of wholesomeness.

From her parents' perspective, she had to contain every ideal one would want in a daughter.

I was charmed into a stupor by her.

"*I* have not been looking forward to it."

After my ears delighted in Anna-senpai's lovely voice, a deep voice violated them.

Ready to kill whoever it was, I turned toward the voice and saw a large boy who looked a lot like a gorilla.

"What the hell are you doing-…gah!?"

"Speak more politely to your upperclassmen. I am Gouriki Raiki of the third year. I am the treasurer and secretary."

Gouriki-senpai was the large boy falsely accused on the train and my vision

flashed in and out after he swung his solid fist down on my head.

“Gouriki-senpai, don’t be so naughty. Okuma-kun, please take a seat.”

Anna-senpai puffed out her cheeks and scolded Gouriki-senpai…who I decided to just call Gori-senpai.

I thanked her before sitting in a soft seat. Kajou-senpai had been silently watching it all, but she settled down in the seat behind a plate saying “Vice President” after seeing Anna-senpai sit down.

“Now, I am going to go ahead and give you a brief explanation of what we want.”

Anna-senpai smiled my way and I thought the throbbing of my heart was going to kill me.

“Okuma-kun, will you join the student council and protect this academy’s public morals with us?”

“I will! I will do everything I can! Please give me this chance!”

“That was fast,” whispered Kajou-senpai with a glare my way.

That was when I came to my senses.

“Um, why me so suddenly? I’m a newcomer from the school with the worst public morals record, so isn’t it too soon to think I can protect the great Tokioka Academy’s morals?”

I felt bad for thinking it, but something smelled fishy.

Anna-senpai’s eyebrows cutely pressed together in a troubled look and she gave a worried sigh.

“That is exactly why we want you. Tokioka Academy has encountered some unprecedented trouble.”

Unprecedented trouble?

“Can I ask you not to repeat anything I am about to tell you?”

When she pressed her index finger against her plump limps and gave me a mischievous smile, I had no choice but to nod.

“Starting a few months ago, this very first city to be designated pure has been experiencing obscene terrorist acts by a mysterious individual going by the name Blue Snowfield. We fear a rapid deterioration in public morals. The Guidance Department has even raised the alert level in response to the situation, but they seem to be having trouble arresting this extremely special terrorist who seems able to speak banned words without detection by her PM.”

…*Hm?*

I had a feeling I’d seen that individual that very morning.

“But the real problem is that the odds are very high that this terrorist is a student in Tokioka Academy’s high school.”

“Ehh!?”

That pervert’s a student here? You’re kidding.

Anna-senpai must have sensed my doubt because she began explaining.

“Blue Snowfield first appeared in this school. And while the teachers and parents have been doing their best to keep this information from getting out, most of her terrorist activity has occurred within the school. …If she was not someone within the school, she would have a hard time even entering the building. Okuma-kun, have you already spoken with your classmates?”

“U-um…yes, I suppose.”

It had been more of an interrogation than a conversation, though.

“Then I assume you have noticed. I do not understand it myself, but it seems the students have already been contaminated by the acts of obscene terrorism. Some students are even looking forward to Blue Snowfield’s next appearance. To preserve the school’s reputation, we must quickly capture Blue Snowfield and restore the public morals as soon as possible. But…”

A bashful look came over her.

“I am embarrassed to admit it, but those of us on the student council don’t understand what is and isn’t obscene. I even walked past Blue Snowfield as she wore a girl’s lower underwear on her head without realizing it was obscene. … Our countermeasures are always a step behind.”

Eh? Is she an idio-… No, no. That just shows how pure her heart is.

"The teachers can do a better job because they understand the concept of obscenity, but their efforts are inefficient because they are very busy and the mental contamination of the terrorism is targeted at us students. And at the end of last year, the students decided we needed someone who understands obscenity yet is prepared to fight obscenity."

When I saw Anna-senpai's meaningful smile, it all finally clicked for me.

Oh, so that's why I was accepted. That's the trick behind the miracle of someone from a school with low morals transferring to a school with high morals.

"Okuma-kun, while you attended a school with such poor public morals, you maintained enough wholesomeness to never once trigger an alert from your PM. You have the record needed to help us arrest the obscene terrorist. And yet if we look into your personal history…"

"You are the son of a terrorist who brought chaos to society."

Gori-senpai forced his way in to finish Anna-senpai's sentence.

"It's clear you have an excessive knowledge of the obscene. Your father filled your head with it, didn't he? I just can't trust you. Who knows what you're secretly plotting."

"I'm surprised you can you look down on him like that after you announced you'd tail him to reveal who he really is but then pathetically needed him to rescue you," whispered Kajou-senpai.

"And I reported back how he rescued me!" he angrily replied.

"And that's what gave the final push to invite him. Just accept it already."

Kajou-senpai was having none of it and their argument gradually heated up.

That was when I noticed Anna-senpai's eyes on me.

"…"

She seemed to be asking if I had anything to say, so I opened my mouth.

"It is true I'm the son of the terrorist Okuma Zenjuurou."

Kajou-senpai and Gori-senpai stopped arguing and gave me searching looks.

Yes. My father was a famous terrorist.

He had fiercely opposed the establishment of the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law sixteen years ago and had become a wanted man for committing acts of obscene terrorism all over the place. Even after the requirement to wear one's PM ten years before had made terrorism much more difficult, he had stood on the front lines of disturbing public morals. The moron had finally been arrested scattering condoms in the National Diet Building.

"I have an abundance of that sort of knowledge due to my father's influence. When I was young, I said and did all sorts of obscene things so the PM wouldn't detect it."

Anna-senpai, Kajou-senpai, and Gori-senpai all watched wide-eyed as I made my honest confession.

"But I have changed. I am not who I used to be."

I no longer grabbed my testicles in my hands, stretched them apart, placed my penis on top, and called it a banana on a plate.

Nor was I still childish enough for my friends to give me the nickname "The Nipple Pincher" because of the supposedly lewd way I used my fingertips to open drink bottles.

I had long since gotten over climbing under the covers and squirming around "pretending to be an adult".

I had redone every part of my life that had led my friends to say "I think this is talking about you" every time we passed a sign warning of a suspicious person.

"I changed after I met you in elementary school, Anna-senpai."

"Eh? Met me?"

She looked shocked. But we hadn't actually given each other our names, so it wasn't surprising she didn't remember.

I smiled bitterly in my heart and continued.

"You were my idol, so I completely reformed myself. I have worked all this time

to become even the slightest bit more like you and to become a person I can be proud of. So I will never betray the student council. I will never betray you, Anna-senpai!”

“I see.”

She nodded with a satisfied smile and turned her smile toward Gori-senpai.

“What do you think, Gouriki-senpai? Are you still going to complain that he is not worthy of our trust?”

Her question was a gentle one and he sulkily groaned that he would wait and see for the time being.

She clapped her hands and gave a beaming smile.

“That settles it. I look forward to working with you from now on, Okuma Tanukichi-kun. Let’s do everything we can to protect the school’s morals and capture Blue Snowfield.”

“O-of course!”

I enthusiastically replied because this felt like a dream come true.

It was only my first day and I already had an important position where I would uphold public morals alongside Anna-senpai.

The fact that they had chosen me for my sexual knowledge was the polar opposite of what I had been hoping for, but this was no time to be picky. I needed to work myself to the bone for Anna-senpai!

“That will be the end of our meeting today. Thank you very much.”

…*Huh?*

“Um, Anna-senpai? If you don’t mind me asking, our meeting is already over? I assumed we would get down to work right away, discussing anti-terrorist methods and arranging patrols.”

“Oh, that’s right…”

The way she placed a hand on her chin was so cute.

“After this, I must report that you are now a member of the student council and Gouriki-senpai seems to have karate practice. I was thinking we would wait

until a later date to explain what exactly we want you to do, but… Oh, I know!”

She clapped her hands as if she had just had a great idea.

“Ayame-san, you’re free today, aren’t you? To make up for what he missed from being late to the entrance ceremony, could you show Okuma-kun around the area and explain anything he needs to know? Deepening the interaction between council members is a part of our job, after all.”

“…”

I nervously looked next to me.

The glasses girl with braided hair had a sullen look.

“Yes, with pleasure,” she agreed, looking anything but pleased.

Wait, wait, wait, wait! This arrangement isn’t going to make anyone happy!

“And with that, the meeting really is over. Please gather here again afterschool tomorrow.”

With that final word, I headed out into the streets with Kajou-senpai.

There was definitely something wrong with this.

It proved to be treacherous journey.

“…”

“…”

From the moment we left the student council room to the moment we entered a restaurant in a back alley by the train station, Kajou-senpai and I did not have a single proper conversation.

I asked a few harmless questions like “Is the student council work tough?” or “What exactly am I supposed to do to maintain order?”, but she only ever gave monosyllabic answers and the conversation was dead on arrival.

To think I would find someone even harder to speak with than Fuwa-san. And on the same day no less.

The restaurant I entered on Kajou-senpai’s silent invitation was a café with a

surprising amount of space for a privately run establishment. We had a lot of choice when it came to selecting a private room. The elderly owner and Kajou-senpai seemed friendly, so after exchanging just a few words, we were given the private room in the very back.

“We have had very few guests today, so feel free to talk about whatever you wish.”

The elderly gentleman left us with wet towels, ice water, and that strange comment.

Um, what am I supposed to do?

An odd sweat soaked my entire body as I feared the previous silence would continue, but Kajou-senpai proved that fear unfounded by opening her mouth.

“That was a nice act, Okuma-kun!”

“……Eh?”

Time briefly ground to a halt inside my mind. Either that or it felt like being thrown into another world.

Kajou-senpai’s displeased expression transformed into a full-face smile. No hint remained of the uncontained disagreeableness. The only things I could find were a face filled with burning energy and a comfortably clear tone of voice.

This strength felt somehow familiar.

Despite my confusion, she began speaking so fast her previous silence seemed like a lie.

“When you were almost caught by the Guidance Officers this morning, I was disappointed and thought you’d be an unreliable ally, but that speech in the student council room was great! Even Gouriki-senpai had to admit it. Just as I had hoped, you’re a really capable guy with some real balls! And I bet you’ve got a capable asshole to match! You’re probably easily capable of taking a daikon radish up there! I bet you’re so capable in that regard that your sphincter doesn’t work at all anymore. Ah ha ha ha! Should I buy you some diapers to celebrate getting into the school!?”

“…!? …!?”

Wh-what the hell is this!?

First she starts talking and now she's making terrible dirty jokes and laughing her ass off!?

Is this really Kajou-senpai!? Did someone else take her place on the way here?

But wait. This powerful voice, those burning eyes, and these awful jokes.

"D-don't tell me…"

I pointed a trembling finger at "Kajou-senpai".

The burning energy in her eyes seemed to grab ahold of me.

"Oh, right. I was really, really late to introduce myself. Let's get that taken care of."

She showed off her white teeth with a cruel smile, removed her glasses, undid her braids, pulled some panties from somewhere, and placed them on her head.

"I am Kajou Ayame, the obscene terrorist known as Blue Snowfield! Nice to meat you! Let's work together to give that ridiculous campaign a good screwing!"

"Hello, police? There's a terrorist in-…gh!?"

"Wait, wait! All I did was introduce myself, so what gives, Okuma-kun? Feeling emotionally unstable?"

I had tried to call the police with my PM, but she hit the cancel button with superhuman speed. She leaned over the table and grabbed my hands, so I couldn't move.

"Y-you have to ask?"

Not only did you suddenly confess you're an obscene terrorist, but you didn't think I would report you!? And after you saw me swear loyalty to Anna-senpai!?

This is wrong. Something about this is definitely wrong. No, it's all wrong.

Question marks floated above both our heads and we said nothing, but then the café owner calmly entered our room.

"Are you ready to order?"

That's hardly my biggest priority right now!

"I'll have coffee. What'll you have, Okuma-kun? How about some roasted green tea to help you calm down?"

Eh? What? I'm the weird one?

"Um, sir."

"Yes?'

"This girl is apparently a terrorist."

"I am well aware. Now, what would you like?"

Oh, so I'm the weird one here. Okey-dokey. I read you loud and clear. Unfortunately.

"Um, then I'll have the roasted green tea."

"Very good."

We stayed frozen in place for several minutes after the owner left for the kitchen. Kajou-senpai kept her head tilted curiously and her eyes suddenly opened wide in realization and her face grew visibly pale.

With dry lips, she looked away from me and hesitantly spoke up.

"Don't tell me you…you actually came to Tokioka Academy because you look up to Anna."

"That's what I've been saying!"

She slowly released my hands and violently held her head in her own hands.

"Eh? That can't be. Eh? But when *the* Okuma Zenjuurou's son arrived now of all times, I just assumed you were here to help me. Plus you gave off an aura of loving dirty jokes. …Eh? Am I in trouble? Did I jump the gun here? But that can't be… Eh? Am I seriously in trouble?"

She started mumbling to herself and closing herself in a shell.

It decided to make a run for it because I had to inform Anna-senpai.

I sat up and silently opened the private room's door, but then she grabbed my wrist.

“Gwah!”

I was knocked onto the table and kept from moving at all.

With panties on her head, Kajou-senpai leaned over me as if to press her sweaty body onto me.

“Honestly, now. Calm down, Okuma-kun. Calm down, calm down, calm down, me.”

She seemed truly disturbed and muttered to herself as if in prayer, but then she fell silent.

The very next moment, she regained the confident look from before.

“H-heh heh. Ha ha ha ha ha! Now that you have discovered my identity, I can’t exactly let you leave!”

“You did that to yourself!”

“But you can’t fool my eyes. You’re oozing with the scent of a guy that loves dirty jokes! You’ve got the same aura as me! You changed after meeting Anna!? Haven’t you heard that no one can truly change!?”

I tensed up at that.

“You leave me with no choice. Let’s have a nice long chat about all sorts of lewd things until you’ll admit you love dirty jokes!”

“N-no! Someone help!”

“Your drinks are ready.”

Not what I wanted!

“Heh…heh heh heh heh heh heh heh. Now, it’s time to say goodbye to this wholesome and boring world with no concept of dirty jokes, Okuma-kun. From here on out, everything’s going to be more exciting!”

My collar was squeezed tight and I passed out right there.

“Ah! I have to tell Anna-senpai! The enemy is one of us! …Wait, what?”

When I came to, I was tied up in what looked like a dimly-lit storeroom.

There were a bunch of cardboard boxes, shelves of small objects that must not have fit into the boxes, and a single lightbulb as the sorry excuse for a light source. Looking entirely out of place in the old-fashioned atmosphere of the room, a business printer was sitting in one corner.

In the center of the room, someone was sipping coffee on a stool in front of a round wooden table.

“Kajou…-senpai.”

“So you’ve come to. Are you prepared to become an obscene terrorist with me?”

She looked down on me with her braids and glasses removed.

“Like hell I am! Release me, dammit. I swore to protect the public morals with Anna-senpai!”

I struggled, but my arms were tied to a column and they felt like they were going to break. It didn’t look like I could escape.

“You’re not a female cat in the middle of some baby-making, so calm down. This is that café’s storeroom, you know? You’re going to cause trouble for the place.”

She slipped the erotic illustration from my pocket and held it in front of my face.

“Ghah!”

I did as I was told.

“Here’s your roasted green tea. It’s gone cold, but it should still help calm you down.”

She crouched down next to me and gave me a sip at a time.

Meanwhile, I tried to see if I could operate my bracelet and contact someone, but the bracelet was covered in some kind of padding and I couldn’t start it up properly.

“Now, then. It’s time I invited you again.”

Kajou-senpai sat back in her seat and stared at me with energy to spare on her

face.

“Work with me as we establish an obscene terrorist organization named SOX and destroy public morals.”

“Do you really think I’ll give in to your demands!?” I immediately snapped back. “Why would you do something so stupid and filthy!? What’s the point of it all!?”

I was thankful she had saved me back at the station, but it only looked like she was enjoying herself disturbing the public morals by shouting banned words in public and scattering those attractive – no! – those horrid illustrations. I knew I would rather die than help the despicable criminal who directly opposed the noble goals Anne-senpai and I held.

“Sigh. I can’t believe this.”

Kajou-senpai frowned and gave a forced sigh.

“Okuma Zenjuurou was your father, but I guess he only gave you sexual knowledge. Well, it is like him to not imprint you with his ideology. But he could have at least taught you that obscene terrorism – that is, spreading sexual knowledge – is a necessary evil. And it’s ironic he gave you a name as wonderful as Tanukichi yet raised you to be tamed by the modern world.”

“What does my name have to do with this?”

“Oh, you don’t know?”

She looked surprised, pulled a rectangular object from her pocket, and started pressing buttons. I was pretty sure it was a cellphone, a technology that had not been produced for over a decade. I couldn’t figure out why she would be using an antique like that.

“To explain how wonderful your name is, I must first discuss how Japan views testicles.”

“Why!?”

“There are many words for testicles around the world, but Japan is the only place that uses gorgeous words like ‘golden’ or ‘jewels’ to refer to them. The Japanese have special feelings about balls. And the tanuki is a unique Japanese creature with enlarged balls. Nowhere else in the world can you find an obscene

character like that! Viewing sexuality with simple humor and tolerance is part of the good, old spiritual culture of Japan and that idea was placed inside your name! You can hold your head high.”

“Like hell I will!”

“You’re right. You’re probably better at holding the head in your pants high.”

“You don’t have to shove dirty jokes into everything! And besides.”

I asked the question I been wondering about for a while.

“How can you use banned words without issue?”

In this conversation alone, she had used a great array of banned words like “balls” and “testicles”. Normally, the PM would detect the usage of those words and immediately report it to the Guidance Department. For minors, that meant a lecture and forced labor. For an adult, it meant at least a fine. On top of that, Kajou-senpai was a Tokioka student, so she would be immediately expelled.

“Oh, that’s thanks to this cellphone.”

She pressed a few more buttons on the rectangular device and put it back in her pocket.

“While I’m calling a certain number on this phone, I can escape detection by my PM for a maximum of three minutes a day. I can only talk freely for fifty more seconds today.”

“Is this Ultraman!? And what the hell is that? That’s too convenient to be real!”

If that existed, the world would be overflowing with far more obscenity and sexual terrorism.

“It’s not convenient at all.”

Kajou-senpai immediately and easily brushed aside my doubts.

“This is the one and only loophole my father, Endou Masashi, left me, using everything he built up fighting the Public Morality and Wholesome Upbringing Law as a politician. By the way, Ultraman Cosmos is my personal favorite.”

“I didn’t ask! And Endou Masashi? That sounds familiar.”

“Of course it does. He used to be a big-name politician, but he’s in prison now after falling into disgrace ten years ago when he was accused of hiring a high school prostitute. It was big news at the time. …But he didn’t actually do that. The politicians planning sexual oppression with the PMs framed him.”

“You must trust him a lot.”

“Of course. After all, he was more into older women.”

He lost to his political rivals, was thrown in prison, and his daughter knows his fetishes? I certainly don’t envy him.

“So did you become a terrorist to take revenge against the society that framed your father?”

“What are you talking about? Why would anyone become an obscene terrorist for a stupid reason like that? This is entirely what I want to do. Do you want to know what my father said to me when he gave me this phone? He said, ‘Your love of dirty jokes is abnormal. I’ll give you this, so let off some steam for three minutes each day.’ ”

“What kind of childhood did you have!?”

Not that I’m one to talk.

“Simply put, I said ‘penis’ about once a sentence, I was a little girl, and the second thing I’d say to you was ‘Why aren’t you humping yet?’ ”

I take that back. I do have the right to criticize her childhood.

“To get back on topic, you asked if I was out for revenge, Tanukichi. Let me repeat myself: not a chance. If anything, I resent my father.”

A sharp light filled her eyes and a chill ran down my spine. What had happened between her and her father?

“All I can do is say things and only for three minutes a day? In what world is that enough!? I’m being smothered over here! Couldn’t that imbecile have been generous enough to completely deactivate my PM!?”

“How can you say that about a man who sacrificed himself for his daughter’s future!?”

“I might have enjoyed my life more if I was completely hidden away from the world. I can blend into society now, but I can’t stand how restrictive it is. People always say I have a sour look, but how am I supposed to smile in a world where I can’t even shout ‘pussy’ at the top of my lungs?”

“And that’s where the obscene terrorism comes in?”

“That’s right. It was impossible to change myself, so I decided to change the world.”

That was almost refreshingly selfish logic, but she showed no shame in her dignified announcement.

“Well, there are plenty of other reasons, but they can wait since they might be too much for you at the moment.”

She whispered something else, but I couldn’t quite make it out.

“So let me ask again. Do you have any intention of establish an obscene terrorist organization named SOX with me?”

“None at all.”

“Eh? What don’t you like about it? The name? Is it the name?”

“After all this, you think *that* might be the issue!?”

“I put a lot of thought into that name. The ‘O’ looks like a censorship symbol, so the whole things looks nice and obscene, right?”

“Yes, I suppose so!”

She then pulled out her cellphone.

“Also, SOX is short for ‘**S**ex occurs most **O**ften on **X**mas’! The streets are overflowing with couples and the women’s crotches are overflowing with semen. Xmas was an old holiday on which obscene acts were legally encouraged!”

“I’m starting to get tired of dealing with this conversation!”

“Oh, I just realized. You know the idea of a White Christmas? That makes the earth a giant ovum and the falling snow sperm, doesn’t it? While the humans are inseminating each other like crazy on the microscopic scale, even the earth itself is being inseminated! Truly a miracle of the universe.”

“Die!”

“Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!”

Kajou-senpai burst out laughing and I hung my head.

What came over her all of a sudden?

“Heh heh heh. Hah hah. I might have made the right decision choosing you as my first official partner. Dirty jokes are so much more worthwhile with someone to react to them.

“Wha-?”

Don’t tell me I’m encouraging her dirty jokes.

“And wait! I never said I’d be your partner! Give it a rest already! …!?”

At some point, the look in her eyes had changed. She gave a long sigh of resignation and narrowed her eyes. I couldn’t help but flinch back from the pressure of her fearless expression.

“I’ll respect your independence just once more. Do you have any intention of helping me?”

Now that I thought about it, she no longer looked as concerned as she had in the café. She had been confidently toying with me the entire time. That wasn’t the attitude of someone whose secret was out.

“I will never help you.”

Cautious of what might happen, I plainly rejected her offer.

“I see. That’s too bad.”

She accepted my words surprisingly easily.

However, there was no way this was over.

“Then I have no choice but to turn you into the Guidance Department as a criminal who was messing with a girl’s lower body.”

“What!?”

My mind went blank at this entirely unexpected turn of events.

“Wait a second. You’re the one that can’t let the Guidance Department find

out about this! Besides, even if you're a Tokioka student, they won't believe you that easily."

"The rope we used to escape should still be at the station."

My heart skipped a beat.

"I grabbed it through the towel and that towel has already been disposed of. Meanwhile, you grabbed the rope directly. If I have them examine it, they should find plenty of your skin."

"W-wait! You still can't turn me into the police! I know who you are! I can let everyone know the truth no matter where I end up!"

Pushing at that fact was my only way of resisting this.

If she had a way of defeating that argument…well…

She giggled as if teasing me.

"It's true I'd be found out and thrown behind bars if you did that. And even if I did escape punishment, the Guidance Department would have me marked and I wouldn't be able to do anything anymore. I want to avoid that. But this still isn't a problem. After all, you have a shocking *two* whole reasons why you can't reveal my identity. That's as many as you have balls."

Enough about balls. And don't pull out your cellphone just to say that one word.

"First, if it's found out the obscene terrorism is being done by a member of Tokioka's student council, the council will be accused of inadequate oversight. That would be quite a problem for Student Council President Anna."

"What? That's completely unfair."

"Heh heh heh. We've known for sixteen years now we live in an unfair society."

She spat out the words as if asking why I would bring it up now.

"And second, I'm Anna's best friend. It may sound like I'm tooting my own horn, but Anna can only bear the intense duties of the student council because I help give her some relief. That is part of where her talent comes from in the first place. So what if I were expelled as Blue Snowfield? She would be devastated to

learn her best friend had betrayed her, the school and society would place the blame on her, she would be crushed under the student council's duties, and she would no longer have me to provide some relief. What do you think would happen then?"

"Don't you dare say that with the same mouth that just called her your best friend!"

"You'd rather I used my lower mouth?"

"You only have one!"

Wait, this is no time to be penetrating her-…crap, I'm letting her influence me. This is no time to be skewering her with a nice retort.

"Then I only have to support Anna-senpai after you're arrested."

"How do you plan to do that after you're thrown in jail as a molester?"

Oh, right!

"As you can see, it wouldn't harm me to falsely accuse you."

She stood up and grabbed my head.

"If you don't want to be thrown to the Guidance Department, then work with me. Don't worry. I won't treat you badly. I know you won't obey me if all I do is threaten to punish you, so I do have a reward prepared, too."

…*A reward?*

"Didn't I just say Anna and I are best friends? I stand in the perfect position to fully support your love."

"Wha-No, no, no! This isn't love! I just admire her and don't have any impure feelings whatsoev-…"

"If that speech and your attitude in the student council room weren't an act and weren't love, then what were they? Just so you know, feelings of love for another person and the desire to have your way with their body are the two most pure and wholesome feelings there are. Well, you don't have to admit it right away. If you help me as one of SOX's founding members, I promise to do everything I can to bring you and Anna closer together. Heh heh heh. So how

about it? You have a reason not to reject this and a reason to agree to it, don't you? You know what to do, don't you? This is an ultimatum: Let's work together to create a wonderful world that allows dirty jokes."

Kajou-senpai gave a ferocious smile as if to challenge me.

On that long-awaited day, I became a student of Tokioka Academy.

On the one hand, I was selected to join the glorious Tokioka Academy student council. On the other hand, I became a founding member of SOX, the antisocial terrorist organization led by the extraordinarily strange Blue Snowfield.

This is wrong…

This is wrong on so many levels!!